CHAPTER XLL. Pelder Walks With Doctor Brent. CHAPTER XLIL CHAPTER XLIII. The Little Gold Cross

SATAN SANDERSON

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

CHAPTER XLL

Felder Walks With Doctor Brent, Felder Walks With Doctor Brent.
Felder had been among the last to leave the courtroom. He was discomfited and angry. He had meant to make a telling point for the defense, and the unbalanced imagination of a strolling, bigot gospeller had undone him. His own precipitate and ill-considered action had uncovered an idiotic mare's rest, to taint his appeal with bathos and open his cause with a farcical anti-climax. He glomly gathered his scattered papers, but them with the leaf of the newspaper from which the district attorney had read, and dispatched the to bis office by a messenger.

paper from which the paper from which the lot to his office by a messenger.

At the door of the courtbouse Doctor Breat slipped an arm through his.

"Too had, Tom," he said sympathizingly. "I don't think you quite deserved it."

Felder pased a moment without socaking. "I need evidence," he said then, "anything that may help. I made a mistake. You heard all the testimony?"

The other nodded.

"What did you think of it?"
"What doubt any one think? I give all credit to your motive, Tom, but it's a pity you're mixed up in it."
"Why?"
"Because, if there's anything in

"Because, if there's anything in buman evidence, he's a thoroughly worthless reprobate. He lay for blood, and he ought to swing."

"The casual view." said the lawyer gloomly. "Just what I should have aid myself—if this had happened a month ago." "Because, if there's anything

month ago."

His friend looked at him with an amused expression. 'I begin to think be must be a remarkable man!'' he said. 'Is it possible he has really convinced you that he isn't guilty?' Felder turned upon the doctor square. 'Yes,'' he returned bluntly. ''He has. Whatever I may have believed when I took the case, I have come to the conclusion—against all my professional instincts, mind you—that he never killed Moreau. I believe he's as innecent as either you or I!''

The thysician looked punded. 'You believe Moreau's hand didn't write that accusation?''

"I don't know."

'I don't know what to think. But I am convinced Hugh Stires isn't lying. There's a mystery in the thing that I can't get hold of. 'He caught the physician's half-smile. 'Oh, I know what you think it is Miss Holme. I assure you I am defending Hugh Stires for his own sake.'

'She played you a close second to-day.' observed the doctor shrewdly. 'That carnation—I never saw a thing better done.'

'Felder drew his arm away. 'Miss Helme.'' he said almost stiffly, 'is as for from acting—'

'My dear fellow!'' exclaimed the other, 'Don't snap me up. She's a gentlewoman, and everything that is large. If the were the reason. I can bot tell who was the murderer of Moreau. I can not tell who was the murderer of Moreau

ght gambling on his own com-table? Well, Hugh Stires is y the Reverend Henry Somewas caught

thing-or-other, but he is that man, too! The crack-brained old idiot would have told the tale over again, only the crowd hustled him.

"There he is now," he said suddenly as a light sprang up and voices broke out on the opposite corner, "The cana" is standing by broke out on the opposite corner. "The gang is standing by. I see your triend Barney McGinn," he added, with a grim enjoyment. "I doubt if there are many converts tonight."

Even as he spoke there came a shout of laughter and warning. The

spectators scattered in all directions. and a stream of water from a well-directed hose deluged the itinerant and

Ten minutes later the street preacher, drenched and furious, was trundling his melodeon toward Funeral Hollow, on his way to the coast.

CHAPTER XLII

The Reckoning.

The Reckoning.

As Harry stood again in the obscure half-darkness of his cell it came to him that the present had a far-reaching significance—that it was but the handiwork and resultant of forces in his own past. He himself had browed the bitter wormwood he must drink. Jessica's quivering arraignment on that hurid wedding day in the white home in the aspens—it had been graven ever since, on his buried memory—rang in his mind:

Tou were strong and he was

s mind:
You were strong and he was
cak. You led and he followed. You
ere "Satan Sanderson," About of
e Saints, the set in which he learned
imbling. You helped to make him

had once said to

at his word. He had been buried like a stone from a catapult into Hugh's place, to bear his knavery, to suffer his dishonor, and to redeem the baleful reputation he had made. He had been his brother's keeper and had failed in the trust; now the circle of retribution, noiseless and inexorable as the wheeling of that vast scorpion cluster in the sky, evened the score and brought him again to the test! And, in the supreme strait, was he, a poor the supreme strait, was he, a poor poltroon, to step aside, to cry "enough," to yield ignobly? Even if to put saide the temptation might bring him face to face with the final shameful penalty?

This, then, was the meaning of the

strange sequence of events through which he had been passing since the hour when he had awakened in the boxcar! Living, he was not to betray Hugh; the Great Purpose behind all meant that he should go forward on the path he had chosen to the end!

A step outside the cell, the turning of the key. The door opened, and Jessica, pale and trembling, stood on the threshold. the threshold,

"I can not help it," she said, as she came toward him, "though you teld me not to come. I have trusted all the while, and waited, and—and prayed. But today I was afraid."

She paused, locking her hands before her leaking at him in an agony of

She paused, locking her hands before her, looking at him in an agony of entreaty. When she had fled from the courtroom to the open air she had walked straight away toward the mountain, struggling in the cool wind and motion against the feeling of physical sickness and anguish. But she had only partly regained her self-possession. Beturning, the thinning groups about the dim-lit door had made it clear that the session was over. In her painful confusion of mind she had acted on a peremptory impulse that drove her to the jail, where her face had quickly gained her entrance. "Surely, surely," she went on, "the man you are protecting has had time enough! Hasn't he? Won't you tell them the truth now?"

He knew not how to meet the pitcous reproach and terror of that look. She had not heard the street preacher's

reproach and terror of that look. She had not heard the street preacher's declaration, he knew, but even if she had, it would have been to her only an echo of the old mooted likeness. He had given her comfort once —but this was no more to he. No matter what it meant to him or to he?

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed the other, "Don't snap mo up. She's a gantlewoman, and everything that is forely. If she were the reason, I should henor you for it. I'm very teeply corry for her. For my part, I'm sure I wish you might get him off. She loves him, and doesn't care who sees it, and if he were as had as the worst, a woman like that could make a man of him. But I know juries. In towns like this they take themselves pathetically in earnest. On the cridence so far, they'll convict fast enough."

"I know it," said the lawyer destrondently. "And yet he's innocent.

that right. If giving my life over and over again would save you pain, I would give it gladly. But what you ask now is the ove thing I can not do. It would make me a nitiful coward I did not kill Moreau. That is all I can sav to you or to those who try mo."

'Your life!" she said with dry lipe. "It will mean that. That counts so fearfully much to me—more than my own life a hundred times. Yet there is something that counts more than all.

own life a hundred times. Yet there is something that counts more than all that to you!

'His face was that of a man who holds his hand in the fire. 'Jessica,' he said, 'it is like this with me. When you found me here—the day I The saw you found me here—the day I saw you on the balcony—I was a man whose soul had lost its compass and its bearings. My conscience was asleep. You woke it, and it is fiercely alive now, And now with my memory has come back a debt of my past that I never paid. Whatever the outcome, for my soul's sake I must settle it now and wipe it from the score for ever. Nothing counts—nothing can count—more than you! But I must sail by the needle; I must be truthful to the best that is in mo."

She rose slowly to her feet with a

She rose slowly to her feet with a

the care and the second of the weak. You led and he followed. You were "Satan Sanderson," Abbot of the Saints, the set in which he learned gambling. You helped to make him what he has become!

They had made variant choice, and that choice had left Harry Sanderson to training for the gaiters of a bishop, and Hugh Stires treading the paths of dalliance and the gambier. But he himself had set Hugh s feet on the red path that had pointed him to the shameful terminus. He had gambled for Hugh's future, forgetting that his past remained, a thing that must be covered. He had won Hugh's counters, but his own right to be himself he had staked and lost long before that game salved and last long before that game reason, in the heritage of her sex, the efernal proclivity, which saw Harry Sanderson, his motley covered with the solver domino of the church, standing self-righteously in surplice and stole, while Hugh slid downward to disgrace. "If there were any justice in the

while Hugh slid downward to disgrace.
"If there were any justice in the
universe." she added, "it should be
he immolating bimself now, not you!"
His face was not toward her and

turned to the tiny barred window that looked out across the court yard square where such a little time since he had found his lost self.

"I think," he said, "that in my place, he would do the same."

"You always admired him," she went on, the hard ring of misery in her tone. "You admire him yet. Oh, men like him have such strange and wicked power! Satan Sanderson—it was a fit name. What right has he to be rector of St. James, while you—"

"Ite put out a hand in flinching protest. "Jessica.! Don't!" he begged.
"Why should I not say it?" she retorted, with anivering lips. "But for him you would never be here! He cained your life and mine, and I hate and despise him for a selfish hypo-

That was what he himself had

That was what he himself had seemed to her in those old days. The edge of a flush touched his forchead as he said slowly, almost appealingly: "He was not a hypocrite. Jessica. Whatever he was it was not that. At college he did what he did too openly. That was his failing—not caring what others thought. He despised weakness in others; he thought it none of his affair. So others were influenced. But after he came to see things differently, from another standpoint—when he went into the ministry—he would have given the world to undo it."

"That may have been the Harry Sanderson you knew," she said stonily. "The one I knew drove an imported motor car and had a dozen fads that people were always imitating. You are still loyal to the old college worship. As men go, you count him still your

men go, you count him still your

closest!''
"Men's likings are strange," she said. "Because he never had temptations like yours, and has never done what the law calls wrong, you think he is as noble as you—noble enough to be is as noble as you—noble wound to be in a said of the law of the law of the law.

what the law calls wrong, you think he is as noble as you—noble enough to shield'a murderer to his own dauger."

"Ah, no, Joesica," he interposed gently. "I only said that in my place he would do the same."

"But you are shielding a murderer," she insisted Gercely. "You will not admit it, but I know! There can be no justice or right in that! If Harry Sanderson is all you think him—if he stood here now and knew the whole—he would say it was wicked. Not brave and noble, but wicked and crue!!"

He shook his bead, and the said

and noble, but wicked and crue!!'

He shook his bead, and the sad shadow of a bitter smile touched his lips. "He would not say so." be said.

A dry seb answered him. He turned and leaned his slbows on the narrow window-sill, every nerve aching, but powerless to comfort. He heard her step—the door closed sharply.

Then he faced into the empty coll, sat down on the cot and threw out his arms with a hopeless cry:

"Jessica, Jessica!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Little Gold Cross.

Jeszica left the jail with despair in τ heart. The hope on which she had d these past days had falled her. What was there left for her to do! Like a swift wind she went up the street to Felder's office.

A block beyond the courthouse a crowd was enjoying the watery discomfiture of Hallelujah Jones, and shrinking from recognition even in the darkness—for the arclights were still black—she crossed the readway and ran up to the unpretentious building where the lawyer had his sanctum. She ground her way up the unjudyed stay.

it to the end.

Even in her own trouble she read it with a shiver. Yet, awful as the feto which Harry Sanderson had so narrowly missed, it was not to be compared with that which awaited Hugh, for, awful as it was, it held no shame.

In a gust of feeling she slipped to her knees by the one sofa the room contained and prayed passionately. As she drew out her handkerchief to stanch the tears that came, something fell with a musical tinkle at her feet. It was the little cross she had found in front of the billside cabin, that had lain forgotten in her pocket during the past auxious days. She

that had lain forgotten in her pocket during the past anxious days. She picked it up now and held it tightly in her band, as if the tangible symbol brought her closer to the Infinite Sympathy to which she turned in her misery. As she pressed it, the ring at the top turned and the cross parted in halves. Words were engraved on the inside of the arms—a date and the name Henry Sanderson.

The recurrence of the pame incred.

The recurrence of the name jarred and surprised her. Hugh had dropped it—an old keepsake of the friend who had been his bean ideal, his exemplar, and whose arrient industries we will and whose ancient influence was still dominant. He had clurg loyally to the memento, blind in his constant likthe memento, blind in his constant liking, to the wrong that friend had done him. She looked at the date; it was May 28. She shuddered, for that was the month and day on which Doctor Moreau had been killed—the point had been clearly established to-day by the prosecution. To the original owner of that cross, perhaps, the date that had come into Hugh's life with such a sinister meaning, was a glad appriversary.

anniversary.
Suddenly she caught her hand to her cheek. A weird idea had rushed through her brain. The religious symbol had stood for Harry Sanderson. and the chance coincidence of date and irresistibly pointed to the murder. o her excited senses the juxtaposition eld a bizarre, uncanny suggestion, bis cross—the very emblem of vicarious sacrifice—suppose Harry San-derson had never given it to Hugh! Suppose he had lost it on the hillside himself!

She snatched up the paper again: Who has been for some mouths on a prolonged vacation —the phrase stared sardonically at her. That might carry far back—she said it under her breath, fearfully—beyond the murder of Doctor Moreau. Her face burned and her breath came sharp and fast. Why, when she brought her warning to the cabin, had Hugh been so anxious to get her The words he had once said to Hugh recurred to him with a kind of awe: "Put myself in your place?" I wish to God I could!" The sudden shift she had given the Pate—or was it God?—had taken bim The conversation had startled him. He would protect at hazard of his own

CHAPTER XLIV. life? Yet in this crisis, even, her appeal to his love had been fruitless. He had called Harry Sanderson his closest friend, had said that in his place Harry would do the same. She remembered his cry: "What you ask is the one thing I can not do. It would make me a prifful coward!" She had asked only that he tell the truth. To protect a vulgar murderer was not courageous. But what if they were bound by ties of old friendship and college comaraderie? Men had their standards. Yet in this crisis, even, her ap-

Jessica's veins were all afire. rector murderer? A double career? Was it beyond possibility? At the sanatorium she had reread "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"; now she thought of John Jasper, the choirmaster, stealing away from the cathedral to the London opium den to plan the murder of his carbor. The enthedral to the London opium den to plan the murder of his nephew. The mad thought gripped her imagination. Harry Sanderson had been wild and lawless in his university days, a gamester, a skeptic—the Abbot of the Saints! To her his pretensions had never seemed more than a graceful sham, the generalities of religion he spread for the delectation of fashionable St. James only "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." He had been a hard drinker in those days. What if the old desire had run on beneath the fair exterior, denied and repressed till it had burst control—till he had

glozed by old mistrust and terror of the outcome which was driving her to any desparate expedient. Beside Hugh's salvation the whole universe counted as nothing. She was in the grip of that fierce passion of love's defense which feels the romance of the world. One purrose possessed her—to confront Harry Sanderson. What matter though she missed the remainder of the trial? She could do nothing—her hands were tied. If the truth lay at Aniston she would find it. She thought no further than this. Once in Harry Sanderson's presence, what she would say or do she presence with the thought the idea was drowned in the bishop's mind seed was drowned in the thought the idea was drowned in the thought the idea was drowned in the thought the idea was drowned in the thought seed was drowned in the thought with a great many the control fast enough?

"I know it," said the lawyer despondently. "And yet he's innocent. I'd stake my life on it. It's worthless as eridence and I shant introduce it, but he has as good as admitted to her that he knows who did it." to the more of mere found to be save my so wronged, whose—"She to the more of mere found to be save my so wronged, whose—"She topped suddenly at the look on his face of mortal pain, for she had who, oray, in this God-forsaken town, aloud he sarificing himself and the lawyer. "Nobely, Yet I hang by my proposition."

"Well, he'll hang by something less tenuous, I'm afraid. But it wen't be your fault. The cray evangelist was only an incident. He merely served to joil us back to the normal. By the your fault. The cray evangelist was only an incident. He merely served to joil us back to the normal. By the your fault. The cray evangelist was only an incident. He merely served to look use of the roll." It is true, ''I'm be said hoars miser who had the normal. By the your fault and work of the roll in the elf-torture of the unpresentions building the paid to prove the unitable standard the sanctum. Standard the lawyer had his sanctum. Standard the sanctum standard the paid to prove one when the surface of the unpresentions building the paid to prove on the same trained to the sale and tapped on the dest. A pile of legal looking papers had been set besided it, and with them had to travel sound the market though the tot true! Sound the same the roll that miss of the unpresentions building the paid to present the market though the tot true! Sound the same trained the surface on the dest. A pile of legal looking papers had a carried the empty outer from an and tapped on the dest. A pile of legal looking papers had been set besided it, and with them had to paper the truth that the lim. Here the market hound in the court f

must not know beforehand of her coming, lest he have suspicion of her crand. Bishop Ludlow—he could gain her access to him. Injured, dying, perhaps, maybe he did not guess that Hugh was in jeopardy for his crime. Guilty and dying, if he knew this, he would surely tell the truth. But if he died before she could reach him? The paper was some days old; he might be dead already. She took heart, however, from the statement of his ever, from the statement of his im

er, from the statement of his im-oved condition. She sprang to her feet and looked nt her chatelaine watch. The east-bound express was overdue. There was no time to lose—minutes might count.

no time to lose—minutes might count. She examined her purse—she had money enough with her.

Five minutes later she was at the station, a scribbled note was on its way to Mrs. Halloran, and before a swinging red lantern, the long incoming train was shuddering to a stop.

CHAPTER XLIV

The Impostor.

In the long hospital the air was cool and filtered, drab figures passed with soft footfalls and voices were measured and bushed. But no sense measured and hushed. But no sense of coolness or repose had come to the mah whose racked body had been tendery horne there in the snowy dawn which saw the blackened ruins of Aniston's most perfect edifice.

Because of him tongues clacked on the street corner and bulletins were posted in newspaper windows:

posted in newspaper windows; car-riages of tasteful equipment halted at the hospital portecochere, messages flew back and forth, and the tele-phone in the outer office whirred husily at unseasonable hours, but from the clean screened room where he lay, all this was shut out. Only the sur-geous came and went, defrly refreshgeons came and went, deftly refreshing the bandages which swathed one side of his face, where the disfiguring flame had smitten—the other side was untouched, save for a line across the brow, seemingly a thin, red mark of excertation.

Hugh had sunk into unconsciousness with the awestruck exciamation ringing in his ears: "Good God! It's Harry Sunderson" He had drifted back to conscious knowledge with the awest.

Sanderson" He had drifted back to conscious knowledge with the same words racing in his brain. They im-plied that, so far as capture went, the old, curious resemblance would stand his friend till he betrayed himself, or till the existence of the real Harry Sanderson at Smoky Mountain did so for him. The delusion must hold till he could have himself moved to some place where his secret would be safer

ourns that made the bed on which be burns that made the bed on which be lay a fiery furnace; it gave method to his every word and look. He took up the difficult part, and after the superficial anguish dulled complained no more and successfully counterfeited cheerfulness and betterment. He said nothing of the curiously recurrent and siekening stab of pain, searching and deep-seated, that took his breath and left each time an increasing giddiness. Whatever inner hurt this might betoken, he must hide it, the sooner to leave the hospital, where each hour brought nearer the inevitable disclosgrought nearer the inevitable disclos-

He thanked fortune now for the He thanked fortune now for the chapel game; few enough in Aniston would care to see the unfrocked, disgraced rector of St. James. He did not know that the secret was Bishop Luilow's own, until the hour when he opened his eyes, after a fitful sleep, upon the latter's face.

opened his eyes, after a fifful sleet, upon the latter's face.

The bishop was the first visiter and it was his first visit, for he had been in a distant cit—at the time of the fire. Waiting the waking, he had been mystified at the change a few montes had wrought in the countenance of the man whose disa—erranee had cost air so many pleepless hours. The months of indulgence and rich living—on the mouse he had won from Harry—had taken away Hugh's slightness, and his fuller checks were now of the contour of Harry's own. But the bishop distinguished new lines in the face on the pillow, an expression unfamiliar and puzzling; the firmness and strength were gone, and in their place was a haunting something that gave him a fitting suggestion of the discarded that he could not shake off.

Waking, the unexpected sight of the

Waking the unexpected sight of the bishop startled Hugh; to the good man's pain he had turned his face

readily take ship for South America. Only one reflection made him shiver; the route lay throw-h the town of Smoky Mountain. Yet who would dram of looking for a fugitive from the law in the seeduled car that carried a sick man? The risk would be small enough, and it was the one way

On that last afternoon before the departure Hugh asked for the clothes had worn when he was brought to hospital, found the gold pieces he i snatched in the burning chapel, and tied them in a bandkerchief about his neck. They would suffice to buy his see pass-age. The one red counter he had kent minder of the good resolutions he had kent—it was from henceforth to be a reminder of the good resolutions he had made so long ago—he slipped it into a poeket of the clothes he was to wear away, a suit of loose, comfortable tweed.

Waiting restlessly for the hour of his going. Hugh asked for the new-papers. Since the first he had them read to him each day, listening fearfully for the hue and cry. But today the surgeon put his request aside.

"After you are there," he said, "if Bishop Ludlow will let you. Not now. You are almost out of my clutches, and I must tyrannize while I can."

I must tyrannize while I can."
A quick look passed from him to his assistant as he spoke, for the newspapers that efternoon had wern startling headlines. The sordid affairs of a min-ing town across the ranges had little interest for Aniston, but the names of Stires and Moreau on the chicking wire had waked it, thus late, to the sensa-Stires and aloreau on the chicking wire had waked it, thus late, to the sensa-tion. The professional caution of the tinker of human bodies wished, how-over, that no excitement should be saided to the unavoidable fatigue of his

patient's departure.

This fatigue was near to spelling defeat, after all, for the exertion brought again the dreadful, stabbing pain, and again the dreadful, stabbing pain, and this time it carried Hugh into a region where feeling ceased, consciousness passed, and from which he struggled back finally to find the surgeon bending anxiously ever him.

"I don't like that sinking spell," the latter confided to his assistant an hour later as they stood looking through the window after the receding carriage. "It was too pronounced. Yet he has

the window after the receding carriage.

'It was too pronounced. Yet he has complained of no rain. He will be in good hands at any rate.' He targed the glass musinely with his fore-finger. 'It's curious.' he said after a pause; 'I always liked Sanderson—in the pulpit. Somehow he doesn't appeal to me at close range.'

The special car which the bishop had ready had been a pleasant interior;

till he could get away! had ready had been a pleasant interior;
This thought grew swiftly paramount fern boxes were in the corridors, a stronger of the rigid agony of his eaged canary swung from a bracket,

Danderine EVERYBODY CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR NOW, and they don't have to

wait weeks and months for results either. You will notice marked improvement after the very first application. Danderine is quickly and thoroughly absorbed by the scalp and the heir soon shows the effects of its wenderfully exhilarating and life-producing gualities. It is pleasant and easy to use-simply apply it to the scalp and hair once a day until the times a week till a desired results are binined. A lady from California writes A lary from Cattornia writes in substance as follows:
I have been using your wonderful harr tonic for several months and at last Jum now freesadwith, wonderful suit of hairthat measures over 8 inches in length, the braid is over 8 inches around. Another from New Jersey:
After using stath bottle I am happy to say that I have as sides a head of hair as anyone in New Aeries.

beras and a tinkling cymbal." He had been a hard drinker in bose days. What had burst control—till be had fed from those who knew him, to till it had burst control—till be had fed from those who knew him, to till it had burst control—till be had fed from those who knew him, to till it had burst control—till be had fed from those who knew him, to till it had burst control—till be had fed from those who knew him, to till it had burst control—the horizon in the burst of the horizon had come upon him, and the town of the horizon had come upon him, and the horizon had been parts the burst of the horizon had been parts the burst of the horizon had been parts the burst had believed in to be Hugh. So had the town, for the budy had been found on his ground in the house in the appear of high the horizon had been parts the burst of the horizon had been parts the horizon had been parts the had repaid. Could be be thinked in the dragging tide; now with and cast him off—counting himself had the house of the horizon had been parts the had repaid. Could be be thinking in his remove that his father had cast him off—counting himself had the house the dragging tide; now with a bind fath the had repaid. Could be be thinking in his remove that his father had cast him off—counting himself had the house had been part of his syst. Sanderson had been David Sirres before he had been been been marriage, which must be sairled by the edium of its retor, the appeal of his syst. The words and tone had here are not had been any to the house had been been any to the himself, it is stated to the surface, and any to the himself is the himself of the

As a result, his answering message flashed along the wires to Jessica's far-

away train: Sanderson Injured. Taking him to coast train forty-eight due Twin Peaks two tomorrow afternoon.

And thus the fatoful moment approached when the great appeal should be made

(To be continued.)

DEATH HAS CALLED 277 WORLD WORKERS

Continued From Preceding Page Morgan Dix. dinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Reg-

Cardinal Casanas y Pages.
Cardinal Casali Bel Drago.
Cardinal Carlo Nocella.
Cardinal Francois Mathieu.
Archbishop Barquera of Mexico.
Father Ignatius of Abergavenry.
Professor Edwin Emerson.
Dr. Hram Bingham.
Dr. G. B. Morgan.

Educators Called

Educators Called.

Daniel Coit Gilman.
Henry Honkins, ex-president Williams.
Professor E. G. Bourne of Yale.
Professor W. A. Wyckoff of Pinceton.
Professor W. L. Mentague of Amherst.
Professor Henry Loomis Nelson, Wils. ulse Holman Haynes.

Gaston Boissier of Paris. Otto Pfielderer, University of Berlin, Friedrich Paulsen, University of Ber-Dr. Edward Caird, master of Baillel. Dr. F. M. H. Blaydes of Oxford Professor E. F. Fenellosa. Professor Frank Parsons.

Philanthropy and Reform. Fallantaropy and Reform,
Ira D. Sankey,
Elward Wetherill,
Sir Joseph Duveen,
James Wallace Pinchot,
Sir William Cremer, founder of the
atterparilamentary union,
Rev. Ecujamin Waugh, founder of the
English National S. P. C. C.

Science. Science.

Henri Becquerel, physicist.
Sir John Eliot, meteorologist.
Professor C. A. Young, astronomer.
Alfred Marsh, geologist.
Dr. W. K. Brocks, zoologist.
Professor Kellerman, botanist.
Alvah H. Eaton, botanist.
Il. B. St. John Roosa, physician,
Johannes von Esmarc, surgeon,
Myllus Erlehsen, explorer.
Professor Leslie Lee, explorer,
Il. autenant T. E. Selfridge, avhior,
Hartwig Derenbaurs, Orientalist. Hartwig Derenbourg, Orientalist, Professor F. L. Roebrig, Orientalist, Oliver W. Barnes, engineer, Samuel D. Burr, engineer, Aniceto Menocal, engineer.

In Art. Walter Saterlee, George Chickering Munzig, Marcel Jambon, Pierre Malgnan. Antoine August E. Herbert. Glovanni Fattori. Antoine August E. Herbert
Glovanni Fattori
Imogen Robinson Morel.
Adolpne Steinheil
Batiste Mangold.
William Callow.
Frederick Warren Freer.
Harriet Hosmer, sculptoress,
Harro Magnussen, sculptor.
Julius Melchers, sculptor.
Ludovico Seitz, Vatican director.
Ferdinand Meldhai, architect.
Lapold Edditz, architect.
Valetian Gribayadoff, illustrator.
Frenk Feller Illustrator.
Wilhelm Busch, cartoonist.
F. M. Hawarth, cartoonist.
Literature.

Literature. Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"). Ludovic Halevy, French novelfst. Mme, De La Ramce, French nov Carl Eweld, Danish novelist. Theodor Dainchen, German novella Allen Raine, English novelist.

PROVI

Journalism.

William L. Alden, correspondent. Dr. Max Falk, correspondent. James Juffrey Boche, corresponde foesph Howard, Jr., corresponde

James Knowles, toucher the tenth Century.

raburg Bech. bert P. Navin, founder of the urg Times.
Arthur Ranc of L'Aurore, Paris,
William E. Quinby of Detroit,
Joseph O'Conner of Rochester,
J. W. Cilver of Yonkers,
D. D. Thompson of Chicago,
Ernst Lavino of Paris.

The Stage. ctorian Sardon, French dramatic E. Dalle,
Rogers,
Wheelock,

Mrs. G. Pablo de Sarasate, violinist, Auguste Wilhelm, violinist, Marie Fischer, violinist, Marie Fischer, violinist, Clara Novello, prima donna, Pauline Lucca, prima donna, Jensie Shay, planist. Ir. Robert Goldbeck, pianist, Edward MacDowell, composer, N. A. Rimsky-Koksakoff, composer, Decatur Smith, composer and cri William Mason, composer and cri William Mason, composer and crauguste Vianesi, conductor.

Nor has the field of sports bee mune. If Cedrino will never again his rearing car close round wrecking curves, neither will Tom' Morris, nester of all Englinks, ever more follow the clusive tle white ball. George Augustus so closely identified with all that best in undergraduate sports for a so closely identified with all the best in undergraduate sports for a cration and more, died in At 'Pop' Henry Chadwick, 'fath baseball,' in April; and the famous chess 'master,' Tchigo Russia, in the first of the

months. As one reads down such a ro this, is there not, however, a the other than only that of loss? It indeed, an entry to debit telling of privation properly called imme but what of the credit items these same 277 men and women inscribed "to the good" of the inscribed "to the good" of the as their lives have measured out lengths to this, the final, closingly do nothing." wrote the Latin mist some twenty centuries and ago, "that does not count for thing—good or bad; each day do anew that we make better or the world in which we move." By same nacient (yet still true) thave not they who now have left seenes played mightily their partitle ultimate bettering of all drama?

Beware of Frequent Colds.

A succession of colds or a prote cold is almost certain to end in ch entarrh, from which few persons wholly recover. Give every cold i tention it deserves and you may this disagreeable disease. How car Cough Remedy! It is highly remended. Mrs. M. White of Br Tenn., says "Several years ago bothered with my throat and Some one told me of Chamber Cough Remedy. I began using it a relieved me at once. I used it for time and it cured me. Now my to sale by all druggists.